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RICHMOND, VA.

Between The Days.

Between the days, the weary days,
He drops the darkness and the dew;
Over tired eyes his hands he lays,
And strength and hope, and life renews.
Thank God for rest between the days!

Else who could bear the battle stress
Or who withstand the tempest's shock,
Who tread the dreary wilderness
Among the pitfalls and the rocks,
Came not the night with folded flocks?

The white light scorches and the plain Stretches before us, parched with the heat:

But, by and by, the fierce beams wane; And lo! the nightfall, cool and sweet, With dews to bathe our aching feet!

For He remembereth our frame!
Even for this I render praise,
O, tender Master, slow to blame
The falterer on life's stormy ways,
Abide with us—between the days!

-The British Weekly.



"To the Law and to the Testimony. If they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them.--- Isaiah biii: 20.

